

**Dogs-Eyes, Owl Meat, Man Chop (S. Cush)**

A furnace bellowed from the range  
To scorch the winters chill  
And the Spirit of Cyndyllan  
Who hailed from Grongar Hill  
True west he strode, through Cilsane Ford  
Down by the water mill  
For a pint then, at the Ship in Laugharne  
Two thousand years to kill  
He's got two thousand years to kill

Dogs-Eyes, Owl Meat and Man-Chop  
Half an ounce of shag, and a pint of Buckleys Top  
Bible black, Captain Cat, where time and tide stand still  
Like the Ghosts of Aberglasney, the mists of Grongar Hill  
The mists of Grongar Hill

From Carreg-Cennen Castle to Paxton Tower Hill  
In fields all by the Roman roads  
The scene of bad blood spilled  
From Twm o'r Gof to Golden Grove  
And through the Towy Vale  
Flows the lifeblood of the county  
A shade of Nut-brown ale, a shade of Nut-brown ale

Dogs-Eyes, Owl Meat and Man-Chop  
Dress them for the window, then splice them on the block  
Bible black, Captain Cat, enjoy and drink your fill  
To the Ghosts of Aberglasney, the mists of Grongar Hill  
The mists of Grongar Hill

Merlins seat lies empty, it's written in the gaol  
If the old oak tree is severed, this town be doomed to fail  
Latter day invaders come, build homes devoid of charm  
"There's bugger all" cried Dylan  
"I'll linger down in Laugharne  
I'll linger down in Laugharne"